

THE PRESENT AGE.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 364 WARREN AVENUE.

Man is the soul of the world, the intellectual and moral sensorium of nature.—Graham.

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At Home and Abroad.

"The inquiry of truth, which is the low-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature."—Bacon.

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY ADOLPHUS PROCTOR.

"Larger," I cried, "O radiant Time! thy power has nothing more to give; life is complete."

Let but the perfect Present, hour by hour, itself remember and itself repeat.

"And Love—the future can but mar its splendor;

Change can but dim the glory of its youth;

Time has no star more faithful or more tender

To crown its constancy or light its truth."

But Time passed on in spite of prayer or pleading,

Through storm and petal; but that life might gain

A peace through strife all other peace exceeding,

Fresh joy from sorrow, and new hope from pain.

And since Love lived when all save Love was dying,

And, passed through fire, grew stronger than before;

Dear, you knew why, in double faith relying,

I prize the Past much, but the Present more.

TWO SITTINGS WITH DR. SLADE.

In attempting to give an account of two recent sittings with Dr. Slade at his residence 210 West 43d St., I pause with pen in hand fearing lest I may not be able to command language adequate for a description of the thrilling and wonderfully beautiful phenomena I there witnessed.

On the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 7th, in accordance with a previous appointment, I had my first sitting alone with the doctor for the purpose, if possible, of witnessing the materialization of spirit-forms, which is almost daily taking place through his remarkable mediumship.

On entering the room, the doctor expressed his fears that we might not be able to witness any materializations on account of the gas, there having been a recent explosion at the gas works in that section of the city which had cut off their supply for several evenings, and now that it had returned it behaved very badly burning with a flickering, unsteady light.

The house in which Dr. Slade resides, is an English basement house. Those familiar with the construction of this style of house, know that it is entered on a level with the street. The first floor comprises the hall and staircase with a reception room on one side near the vestibule and a dining room in the rear, the drawing rooms being on the second floor, consisting of two parlors, each with its sliding doors, and separated by a sort of reception hall between, through which passes the stairway. Dr. Slade uses the rear parlor for his scene room. Its windows open to the south, so that its atmosphere is sunny and magnetic, and it is literally a spirit-haunted room, and it is a constant source of delight to me to step into that room, as I often do for a few minutes at a time, just to feel the wonderful presences that seem almost palpable to my touch and that are separated from me only by the thinnest veil of materiality and even that, as we shall see, vanishes in this wonderful room which becomes the very gate of heaven through which our beloved ones, radiant with the glory of the celestial, gaze upon us face to face.

As I entered the room, I saw lying upon the sofa a gentleman's traveling shawl, and a small curtain about four feet wide, and perhaps five feet long,

made of black cambric or paper muslin. In the upper part of this curtain was cut a square aperture; I should say from twelve to sixteen inches square; the curtain was fastened to a cord long enough to stretch across the room by means of which it is suspended in its place. Taking up these two articles the doctor says: "These are my cabinet, my only apparatus. But the gas is so bad to-night I fear we shall get nothing. We will sit awhile before I put up these things, and see if we are likely to have anything."

So we took our seats at an ordinary four feet black walnut table. On it was lying a small slate. The room was sufficiently light to enable one to read without too severe a strain upon the eyes. We had been sitting but a few seconds before sounds came upon the table and while holding both of Dr. Slade's hands in mine I distinctly felt a hand pulling at my trousers leg, and patting my limbs. Then it came into my lap. I looked down and saw it distinctly as I saw our four hands joined together upon the table. It came up far enough to take my watch-chain and shake and pull it, which it did several times. It was a man's hand, perfectly formed, and as solid and substantial as a human hand of flesh and blood covering an osseous structure. It was moreover a hand of wonderful vital power. It was no piece of automatic mechanism. It was a thing of life, and its touch thrilled me with its magnetic power. It was copper-colored; the twenty or copper colored hand of an Indian.

Presently Dr. Slade felt impelled to place the slate beneath the table, which he did, holding one end of it and he the other, our left hands being still joined upon the table. A wonderful power was then brought to bear upon the slate, so that it was with the utmost difficulty we could hold it. We could both of us feel this independent hand patting ours, pulling at the slate, and then giving upon it a shower of raps first with the balls of the fingers apparently and then with the nails. Dr. Slade asked:—"Will the spirits show themselves to-night?" Answer by raps: "Yes." "Shall I put up the curtain?" "Yes." Dr. Slade then rose and first pinned his traveling shawl against the glass sliding doors to make a dark back-ground. About four feet in front of that he suspended the small, black curtain, and the arrangements were complete. The curtain was of the same width as the table against the end of which it rested. I rose from my seat and closely watched the whole operation. Indeed there was no time that I could not see under and around the curtain at my pleasure.

We then resumed our seats, I sitting facing the curtain directly opposite the aperture, and Dr. Slade at the side of the table on my left. We joined hands. Dr. Slade presently seemed greatly agitated, almost terrified as he exclaimed, "See that curtain, doctor." I looked and saw that the curtain was being twitched and pulled while around the aperture lights of marvelous beauty were playing. Soon the curtain bulged outward as if a human form were behind pressing against it. All this time, let it be borne clearly in mind that the room was lighted—dimly to be sure; but sufficiently for me to see every motion of Dr. Slade's, whose hands I all the while held in my own, and every minutest object even in the remotest corners. My attention was fixed upon the curtain, when Slade, who was all the while trembling with nervous excitement, exclaimed in a voice of unmistakable terror, "O doctor! look there in that corner." I looked and beheld a

spectacle too wonderful, too sublime for description. The atmosphere in the corner of the room furthest from us, on a line with the sliding doors, was filled with a luminous, scintillant haze, like the Aurora. Gradually it began to assume a shape, giving at first vague, uncertain hints of the human form, then scattering into a nebulous haze, then again concentrating, and each time approximating more and more to the outlines of the human form, until presently it leaned upon the back of a chair that stood about four feet from the table where we sat, an unmistakable, shadowy, human figure. After resting upon the chair a moment, it slowly advanced toward the curtain and passed behind it. Then there was an evident effort to unveil the features, and present the face at the opening; but the attempt was an abortive one, resulting in nothing clear, or defined. After a few seconds the shadowy form returned to the corner again where it seemed to renew its forces, when it again advanced and presented at the opening an unmistakable face—the head and face of a woman, with a flowing veil, and a wreath of white roses around the brow. The features were so indistinct that I could not recognize them; but I had a strong impression that the spirit of my mother was present, and that she was trying to reveal herself to me. I said nothing however. Again the form vanished and re-appeared, this time far more distinctly than before. The medium exclaimed: "Why, doctor, those features resemble yours." I mentally requested that the representation might become a little plainer. Again it vanished and re-appeared, and this time the sweet, saintly features of my mother beamed upon me. Fifteen years ago in my room at the University at Cambridge she appeared to me surrounded with a halo of glory, and gave me the first positive proof of the spiritual origin of the phenomena I had for eleven months been contending against.

She remained quite long enough to have been photographed. She twice bowed her head in assent to my mental requests. The sweet serenity of her presence seemed to allay the nervous excitement of the medium, and together we looked upon the lovely apparition for many minutes. She pressed her face nearly through the opening, and seemed desirous of coming to me.

All this while I was holding both the medium's hands in mine and could see distinctly his slightest movement. I could also see around the curtain, and so thin was its texture that I could see through it.

After the spirit vanished, Dr. Slade was controlled by Ovasso, his Indian guardian, and addressing me said that nothing more could occur that night, but wished me to be there again the following evening at the same hour. He told me that it was his hand I saw and felt, and that if I would come again I should have still more striking demonstrations. My experiences the second evening were shared with Mrs. Willis and I shall defer the account of them till another week. I left Dr. Slade's house feeling that I had been at the very portals of the beautiful Heaven of love that encircles us all.

SPIRITUALISM.—Wherever an angel has appeared and spoken; wherever a real saint has lived and worshipped and died; wherever a great star has appeared, walking thousands of years before his time, and lifting the soul of generations into higher civilization, there is an element of historic authority for Spiritualism. Spiritual philosophy is the living gospel of all time. Its priests are such souls as Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato; Je-

sus, Swedenborg, and Joan of Arc; Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, and Newton; Leibnitz, Descartes, and Laplace. These have been the ministers of our ever advancing religion, whose ideas and discoveries have given names to certain epochs of thought. Members and chiefs in God's infinite spiritual republic are they, from whose souls whole civilizations have sprung. The historical authority behind Spiritualism is equal to that behind all the thousand and one religious sects of the whole world. It is more. It is all these revived, enlarged, and reduced to scientific proof in modern manifestations.

For the Present Age.

THE GOOD TIME FOR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

A late number of *Heath and Home* has an article calling attention to the wants of children and proposing a society to be called "The Society for the Protection of Childhood." No one can remain long in any large city and not feel the most tender pity for the children of the poor, who meet one at every turn and in such numbers as to make the hope of any general assistance almost impossible for an individual.

On one of our coldest days of this winter we passed a group of three, sitting on the chilling stone foundation to the railing before a church. The woman had in her arms a babe, and beside her sat a little girl, on whose fair cheek the soft eyelids were closing either from chill or weariness. There was an expression of resignation and patience very touching on the child's face. It might have stood for Resignation. But the woman with a harsh movement roused the little one from slumber that she might better appeal to the sympathy of the public. "Let her sleep, let her sleep," we cried, "and take this," giving her a coin, but either the woman did not understand or chose not to, and she wakened the little sleeper again. The vision her sweet face as she opened her eyes in a bewildered gaze as if returning from the beautiful dream-land, haunted us for hours. The question of duty came to us again and again. What could be done? The giving of money was perhaps a great wrong, increasing the woman's greed of gain. To follow her and find out the causes of her public beggary was beyond our strength, and could we have done so, no doubt we should have learned of imposture and deception.

There seems to us no doubt as to the duty of a city government in such cases. It should see to the care and education of the young, and compel to a proper degree of both, and provide it, in cases where it is not bestowed. Mr. Bergh has made his "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" a legal association, and he is empowered to take in custody such animals as are ill treated; he does not wait to be asked to serve the suffering animals. Why could not a similar power be given to an association of philanthropists to take in charge such children as are compelled to beggary by their parents or by circumstances? There are thousands of cases of cruelty that pass unnoticed because the children are under the guardianship of parents. But if parents compel children to violate the laws of health and virtue the state should take its future citizens in charge.

We are told by teachers that it is impossible to properly ventilate the large rooms of the public school houses. That the children are exposed either to draughts or foul air. The basements of the Sunday School rooms are full of heated air or impure gases. In work shops the air

is almost malarious. In the dry goods stores where the little girls or boys answer all day to the call of cash, the magnetism and air are so impure that a sensitive person becomes nervously exhausted in a few moments. When we remarked that all these children are laying the foundation for disease and suffering, can we feel that the government is right in permitting such a sacrifice of health and future usefulness to go on unnoticed? There are humane men and women in every city that would engage in a work so important as the salvation of the children from life-long misery if they knew just how to begin the work. Combined effort would make easy what now seems a hopeless task.

The importance of the care of children has been recognized through all the past. The teacher of Galilee said: Better were it that a milestone were hanged about the neck of one who could offend one of the little ones. And yet is not he who consents to an offense equally guilty with the offender?

We are then all culpable who permit the great evil to children that we every day witness. They should in a measure be a care to each of us, and if they were, how long would it be before some one would demand the power to prevent the slaughter of the innocents, that every day witnesses?

"THE DEBATEABLE LAND."

Published by Carleton: New York. Price 2500 pages. Can be ordered from the N. Y. Office of the A. G. E.

This is the title of Robert Dale Owen's new work. "It is a fitting companion to his former works, 'Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World,' and 'Beyond the Breakers.' The interest and excitement created by the issue of these last named volumes which met with a wide spread and rapid sale, is not yet forgotten. This volume, like the others is devoted to the same general topic—the manifestations of the spirits, and the fact that thousands of copies were sold in advance of its publication gives proof of the deep hold this subject has taken on the public mind.

Mr. Owen writes always in a clear, forcible style, and his writings are so pervaded with candor and honesty that they are read with interest by all parties. Every page of the present volume indicates profound thought and research, and one knows not which most to admire, the fervor and power that mark the work, or the evidences of sincerity and devotion that stamp every page. The first part of the book is occupied by an address to the Protestant clergy. In this Mr. Owen reviews the present position of Christianity in the world; discusses the influence and character of such doctrines as vicarious atonement, original depravity, a personal devil, and an eternal hell. No honest, candid member of the fraternity to whom this part of the work is addressed, can fail to recognize the power and earnest sincerity with which Mr. Owen argues his points, and how they can possibly escape from his convictions or elude his arguments we cannot conceive.

But Mr. Owen announces as his main object in writing this book, the establishment of the fact of the immortality of the soul upon other than a historical basis, and he brings a marvelous array of facts to prove that we of to-day have the same evidence of immortality that the apostles had. He takes the position that the strongest of all historical evidences for Modern Spiritualism, are found in the New Testament, and that the strongest possible proofs of the truth of the gospel narratives are found in the phenomena of Spiritualism. To substantiate these po-

sitions he brings forward, as we have already said, a marvelous array of facts, all of which he claims are sustained by evidence as strong as that which daily determines in our courts of law, the question of life or death for men.

The volume is full of interest from beginning to end. Numerous fac-similes of independent spirit-writings are given; writings executed by no mortal hand, under circumstances rendering fraud impossible. One of the most interesting of these is a copy, or fac-simile of a piece of music found by the celebrated composer, M. Bach, on his bed.

No Spiritualist's library is complete without this, and all of Mr. Owen's remarkable works, containing, as they do, a remarkable and overwhelming amount of testimony to the truth of phenomenal Spiritualism.

"THE POET OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

Prof. Holmes, in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly* begins another of his fascinating series of papers under the above caption. Wherever the English language is known the charming works of this most genial author are read and admired. He is not only a poet and author, he is also a preacher of the most liberal stamp and presents in his sunny, graceful way the grand truths of a practical religion that is the very antithesis of Calvinism. Here is what he says concerning old New England divines.

But there were some of the black-coated gentry whose aspect was not so agreeable to me. It is very anxious to me to look back on my early life and children, and see how as a child I was attracted to or repelled by such and such ministers, accordingly, as I found out long afterwards, to their theological beliefs. On the whole, I think the old-fashioned New England divine softening down into Armenianism was about as agreeable as any of them. And here I may remark, that a mellowing rigorist is always a much pleasanter object to contemplate than a tightening liberal, as a cold day warming up to thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit is much more agreeable than a warm one chilling down to the same temperature. The least pleasing change is that kind of mental palsy which now and then attacks the rational side of a man at about the same period of life where one side of the body is liable to be palsied, and in fact is, very probably, the same thing as palsy in another form. The worst of it is that the subjects of it never seem to suspect that they are intellectual invalids, stammerers and cripples at best, but are all the time hitting out at their old friends with the well arm, and calling them hard names out of their twisted mouths.

It was a real delight to have one of those good hearty, happy benignant old clergy men pass the Sunday with us, and I can remember some whose advent made the day feel almost like "Thanksgiving." But now and then there would come along a clerical visitor with a sad face and a wailing voice, which sounded exactly as if somebody must be lying dead upstairs, who took no interest in us children, except a painful one, as being in a bad way with our cheery looks, and did more to underlie our faith with his woe-begone ways than all his sermons were likely to accomplish in the other direction. I remember one in particular who twittered me so with my blessings as a Christian child, and whined so to me about the naked black children who like the "Little Vulgar Boy," "hadn't got no supper and hadn't got no ma," and hadn't got no education (how I wished for the moment I was a little black boy) that he did more in that one day to make me a heathen than he had ever done in a month to make me a Christian out of an infant Hottentot. What a debt we owe our friends of the left center, the Brooklyn and the Park-street and the Summer street ministers, good, wholesome, sound bodied sane-minded, cheerful-spirited men, who have taken the place of those wailing post-mortem with the bandanna handkerchiefs round their meagre throats and a funeral service in their forlorn physiognomies! I might have been a minister myself, for aught I know, if this clergyman had not looked and talked so like an undertaker.

True, piety is not a morose, but a cheerful thing; whilst it makes me joyful it delivers me from frivolity, yet it causes me to be pleasant and glad.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

Why stand ye gazing into heaven?
What seek ye there? what hope to find
Beside the clouds, which the cold wind
Drives round the world from north to south?
The wan moon, pined with ancient scars?
The glorious sun, the alien stars,
The all-embracing Space?
Ye say, ye look for God:
Have ye beheld him there?
Ye, or your fathers in their prime?
Or any man, at any time,
The wise, the good, the fair?
Who has beheld—I will not say his face,
But where his feet have trod?
What have your straining eyes
Discovered in the skies?
Ye look for God, ye tell me. Tell me this—
How know ye that He is?
Because your fathers told ye so, and they
Because, of old, their fathers told them so?
As it is now, so was it long ago,
And will be when the years have passed
away.
Nothing can come from nothing. Well,
what then?
The Earth, will all its men—
The little insect burrowing in the sod—
Sun, planet, star,
All things that are,
Must have been made by God!
Why made by Him? Who saw them made?
Who saw the deep foundations laid?
The hands that built the world?
Why—made at all?
Why not Eternal—made not? Not because
It must created be?
If this, then why not He?
If He eternal, why not also This?
Why must This All be His?
It merely was, and is—and is because it
was.
There is no God then? Nay,
You say it, and not I;
I do not say
We have not yet beheld this God on High;
Not knowing that He is, we live and die!
If we knew nothing of Him, yet we feel:
We feel love's kisses sweet,
The wine that trips our feet,
The murderous thrust of steel:
Gladness about the heart when the sun
breaks,
Or the soft moon is floating up the skies,
Delight in the wild sea, in tranquil lakes,
In every bird that flies;
And hot tears in our eyes,
When love, the best of earth, its lifeless
over, dies!
But He whom we name God, for whom we
grieve above,
Whom we fear, is Power—whose heart
we hope, is Love—
On the world's below Him,
In the dust below Him,
We may adore him,
But cannot know Him.
If, indeed, He be, to bless or curse,
And be not this tremendous universe!
Higher than your arrows fly,
Deeper than your plummet falls,
Is the Dearest, the Most High,
If the All is All!

THE BIOGRAPHY OF VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The folly of a great man degrades
our ideal of human nature. Hero-
worship is not banished by culture
but refined and exalted. Theodore
Tilton has for years been the cyno-
scope of fallacy. Conservatism trem-
blingly watched his seemingly erratic
career, and liberalism hailed him as
a champion, a veritable knight errant
in the cause of truth, the bold-
est of the bold, the freest of the free.
No man ever rushed to fame more
rapidly, or received more heartfelt
adoration! He stood in the first
ranks, as a journalist, a poet, and an
orator. He moved forward always,
and never failed, or blundered like
other men. His persuasive speech
soothed the conservative even while
uttering radical and unsavory truths.
He seemed to be a divinely appointed
apostle of the truth for this genera-
tion. While his legion of friends,
applaudingly watched his swift ad-
vance, and the poise of character he
maintained, suddenly, without a mo-
ment's warning, he turned aside and
launched this "tract," for their con-
fusion.
What motive could possibly have
induced him to have written this
"biography," we fail to understand.
The literature of the world furnishes
no parallel. It is Boswell boiled
down to syrup. And as that writer
became as immortal as his subject,
and both are preserved from oblivion
by his inimitable style, so this little
"tract" will be preserved long after
everything else of its subject is for-
gotten. His motto: "He that uttereth
a slander is a fool," furnishes a clue
to the intentions of the author. The
Woman Suffrage movement was di-
vided and weakened by a certain por-
tion refusing the leadership of Mrs.
Woodhull, because of her social
views. If it could be made evident

that she was "chaste as ice and pure
as snow," the broken ranks might
unite around her and be led to vic-
tory. Mr. Tilton not only believed
in her; he believed in himself. With
the prestige of his name he proposed
to shield her. He would show the
world that it basely slandered her,
and that the slanderer was a "fool."
He wrote for this purpose, apparent-
ly just as it was narrated to him by
the heroine, with an all-absorbing
belief, and reverence akin to infatua-
tion. In it he exhausts the language
of its adjectives, and at times seems
lost for stronger expressions. With
the intense ardor of a lover who sees
in his adored not only the real, but
all ideal qualities, he becomes so con-
fused that ideal and real are indis-
tinguishable in the rose-tinted light of
his imagination. With such self-de-
votion, and painful sacrifice, we re-
gret the result has not been more en-
couraging. The heart of the oppo-
sition should have been melted, while,
strange to say, they have hardened,
and the author has met rebuke with-
out appreciably enhancing the popu-
larity of his subject.
A late writer apostrophically ex-
claims: "Go on, Victoria . . .
but one Theodore will build around
you a wall of adamant!" Theodore
can build the wall, but with a Clafin
proclivity he so well describes, she
refuses to be walled, and no sooner
has he completed his work, than she,
like a jack-in-a-box, thrusts herself
above it; bravely shouting for free-
dom! In the rapid sketch of her life,
he says she was born in the year
Victoria came to the throne, and "has
been lately urged to make a trip to
Windsor Castle," but as she is a can-
didate for the presidency of the Uni-
ted States, Mr. Tilton proposes that
she "defer this visit till after her
election," which to him has all the
certainty of the rising of the morn-
ing's sun.
According to Tilton there never
was but one Clafin family. Her
father amused himself braiding whips
out of willow twigs, and carefully
toughening them in a barrel of wa-
ter, apparently kept for the purpose,
and dogging his children "till their
tears and blood melted him into mer-
cy." The day was not long enough
to whip them in, and he would wake
them in the night and "whip them
till morning." The mother, a Penn-
sylvania German, was a religious
fanatic, and the most selfish of mor-
tals. They were both brimming with
low cunning, craftiness, and diabol-
ical selfishness, but at times went to
the opposite extreme. All their
children but Victoria and Tennie C.,
"are of the same feather." "What
language will describe them? Such
another family circle of cat and kite,
with soft fur, and sharp claws, pur-
ring at one moment and fighting the
next, never before filled one house
since Babel began." "Victoria is the
green leaf, and her legion of relatives
are caterpillars who devour her." She
appears to be the only "green
leaf," for even Tilton refuses to break
a lance for the sister, to whom he
only alludes to show the power of
Victoria who "clutched" her away
from her career of mediumship to
charlatany.
The heroine marries at fourteen a
drunken rake, and finds she has made
a fatal mistake. With glowing sym-
pathy her sufferings are depicted,
her trials, her wanderings, her medi-
umship and its results. The births
of her two children, the first an idiot,
are described with anatomical accu-
racy, and charming simplicity. Dur-
ing her public mediumship she re-
ceived as fees and investments \$700,
000, a sum greater, we dare say than
that received by all the mediums in
the United States for the same time.
We are not told how many years she
practiced, for here as elsewhere there
is no reference to dates, but presume
her profits were about \$100,000 a
year!
Far more astonishing are the mir-
acles she wrought. Her idiot boy
dying while she was absent, on re-
turning two hours afterwards, she
restored him to life through the as-
sistance of the spirit of Christ. Again
she stood over a sick woman
for ten days without eating or sleep-
ing, and restored her by so doing to
health. Her house was thronged

with the lame, the halt, the blind, the
sick, and all were cured.
We have no reason to doubt the
sincerity of these statements, but
why not have given dates and names,
so that the narrative would possess
tangibility? The miracles she is
said to have performed, far exceed
those of Christ, and are spoken of in
the same vague and unsatisfactory
manner. The interminable disputes
over the authenticity of these mira-
cles should have taught Mr. Tilton,
to improve on the evangelists,
and make strong the points where
they are weak. Then his statements
would have been extremely valuable
to Spiritualism, while they now are
of little weight as evidence from their
want of accuracy.
She at length obtained a divorce
from Woodhull, and an indefinite
time thereafter married Col. Blood,
being first betrothed by the "powers
of the air," and an indefinite time
afterwards this "legal tie by which
they at first bound themselves to
each other, was, by mutual consent
annulled—the necessary forms of Illi-
nois law being complied with to that
effect." They still live together har-
moniously, the marriage standing on
its own merits, and from the day
of its consummation, Mr. Woodhull
"the poor man, dilapidated in body
and emaciated in spirit, has so-
journing under Victoria's roof, and
sometimes elsewhere, according to his
whim and will." Mrs. Woodhull, in
thus defying the marriage laws, is,
at least, consistent with the doctrines
she teaches.
Sometime after this event Victoria
and Tennie C., began the banking
business and the publication of their
paper. She soon found that Demo-
cracy is her guiding spirit, and re-
ceives visits from Jesus Christ, and
St. Paul. It was the great orator
who dictated her famous memorial,
and probably all her important
"state" documents, the inval-
uable Col. Blood acting as amanu-
ensis. Here her redoubtable knight
leaves her on her notorious career to
the White House, but not quite sat-
isfied in his enthusiasm, "first de-
scribe her, although he says, "her per-
sonal appearance defies portrayal
whether by photograph or pen." "Her
side face, looked at over her
left shoulder, is a perfect aquiline
outline, as classic as ever went into
Roman marble, and resembling the
masque of Shakspeare taken after
death." Her hair naturally as "long
as those tresses of Hortense in which
her son Louis Napoleon used to play
hide-and-seek," she cuts close as a
boy's. Of her accomplishments he is
excessively vain: "She can ride a
horse like an Indian; climb a tree
like an athlete; can swim, row a boat
play billiards and dance." From the
emphasis placed on these accom-
plishments, he seems to regard them
as remarkably endowing her for the
presidency.
All this may be true but the slan-
der remains, and he swiftly seizes it
by the forelock and demolishes it.
"A more unsullied woman does not
walk the earth." "She is one of
those aspiring devotees who tread
the earth merely as a stepping stone
to heaven." To his ardent fancy she
is without fault or blemish. She is
the exception of history, being even
superior to Christ, for he was tempted,
but she, never.
We would not be understood as
reflecting on Mrs. Woodhull by our
estimate of her biography, which
rests not so much on its subject as
on its literary merits. Many a one
has prayed to be saved from their
enemies, but friends have the power
to far more effectually injure us. It
is painful to see the "classic" form
of Victoria set against the black
background of the Clafin family.
At once this old question comes up,
can such a family tree bear good
fruit? can such a corrupt fountain
yield a single draught of crystal
water? Mr. Tilton asserts the af-
firmative, and this like the other
statements he makes rests on his
personal authority. The book is a
poem which deigns not to rest on
vulgar dates, and corroborating evi-
dence, but spans the heavens of fancy,
as Tilton remarks of her speech at
the Federal Capital, "like a rain-
bow."

HAPPINESS is internal, not external.

For the Present Age.
SHALL SPIRITUALISTS ORGANIZE?

BY MRS. MARY J. COLEMAN.

Man is by nature a social being,
seeking the company, sympathy and
co-operation of his fellow men. His-
tory and observation prove him, con-
sidered individually or collectively, a
progressive being. The garments that
enfolded our infant bodies, long
since outgrown, are laid aside for
those of ampler dimensions. The
forms of civil government that helped
our forefathers out of barbarism are
to-day rejected as useless incumbran-
ces, and other systems, better adap-
ted to modern life, are inaugurated.
The creeds and rites that inspired
the zeal and devotion of the early
Puritans, fail to meet the spiritual
wants of the nineteenth century. It
is a fact apparent to observant minds,
that the religious thought of the age
is seeking for something higher and
better than past or present sectarian-
ism affords. Yet such is the strength
of habit, such the power of associa-
tion that few dare break away from
the popular church, even though
they disbelieve its teachings, until
something better is presented as fully
matured and established. They fear
to leave the crumbling, old cabin
until the new house is ready for oc-
cupancy. The present, therefore,
seems an auspicious moment for the
formation of a religious organization,
with a platform broad enough, to em-
brace every human being—liberal
enough to let entirely alone the mat-
ter of individual belief.
The benefits of associative effort
are felt and acknowledged in every
department of business, government,
science, literature, art, and reform.
In council there is safety, in union
strength, in co-operation advance-
ment. The various Christian sects
organize churches, classes, and soci-
eties, to defend, and promulgate the
exploded dogmas of old time faith;
and they prosper in their organiza-
tions. Would the cause of Spiritu-
alism suffer if the millions of its dis-
ciples joined heart and hand for its
advancement? Does error flourish
under shelter of organized effort, and
will truth languish, because its wor-
shippers make common cause for its
support and defense? Do the higher
spirits unite their powers to bring to
earth the greatest truths ever yet
proclaimed, and shall we refuse to
unite with them and with each other
for the promulgation of this glori-
ous gospel? Union is everywhere
strength; there is no exception to
this rule. The union that gives
strength to a band of robbers, is
equally potent to a company of re-
formers. The union which aids big-
otes and creedists, would help, also,
Free Religionists and Spiritualists.
Our traveling media and lecturers
are doing a good work in sowing
broadcast the seeds of truth, but
they do not give us our daily bread.
The annual, or semi-annual fest hard-
ly meets the demands of the hungry.
When the popular lecturer comes
along, people rush to hear what he
has to say—talk the matter over for
a few days, and when the excitement
has passed away, they shut them-
selves up in their own homes, or,
what is far worse, fall into the ranks
of the fashionable church goers.
Now we do not need a general coun-
cil to prescribe for us articles of be-
lief and forms of worship and to hold
the lash of discipline over the delin-
quents in faith or practice; but we
do need the regular weekly meeting
in every neighborhood, where half a
dozen Spiritualists are to be found.
We need these meetings for our own
benefit, and for the culture of our
children. We need them as nuclei
around which those may gather, who
are breaking away from the tyranny
of church theology, we need them as
fountains of instruction where in-
quirers may learn the principles of
the Harmonical Philosophy; and we
want enough of organized effort to
sustain such meetings, having no fear
of falling into sectarianism so long as
truth is the object of search.
CHAMPLAIN, MINN.

That was a beautiful idea expres-
sed by a lady on her death-bed, in
reply to a remark of her brother who
was taking leave of her for his distant
residence, that he should never meet
her again in the land of the living:
"Brother, I trust we shall meet in the
land of the living. We are now in the
land of the dying."

CLIPPINGS FROM THE BANNER OF
LIGHT.

DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, AT MUSIC HALL.

The course of free Spiritualist lec-
tures in Boston was continued Sun-
day afternoon, Dec. 3d, at Music
Hall, by an interesting recitation of
his experiences in England, France,
and Italy by this well known medium
and lecturer. After excellent sing-
ing by the choir, and an invocation,
the doctor said he did not propose
to call the attention of the audience
to any theological treatise or labored
abstraction, but to give some of
his personal observations concerning
Spiritualism and Spiritualists in Eu-
rope. Some two years ago the hand
of death seemed upon him, through
consumption, and scarcely expecting
to live six months, he found himself,
suddenly, within three days after
having first entertained the idea,
afloat on the Atlantic, alone, bound
for Southern France, hoping there to
recuperate. And yet he was not
alone—for the spirit attendants—his
friends of the brighter world—cheered
his state-room by their demonstrated
presence.
He referred to his being found
fourteen years ago, a divinity student
at Harvard, by the spirit agents who
had since wrought such changes in
his life—his expulsion from that in-
stitution with the brand of "impos-
tor" on his brow, in consequence of
his fidelity to Spiritualism—and to
Prof. Agassiz's yet unfulfilled boast
at that time that he would unravel
the mystery, (which, perhaps, was
yet kept in the archives of the Uni-
versity along with the famous Har-
vard Investigating Committee's re-
port) and then said he was told by
his guides while on shipboard that
his voyage would be a success, and
his visit pleasant. Arriving at Liver-
pool, he went on to London, where
he received a hearty welcome from
J. Burns, proprietor of the Progress-
ive Library, and afterward met Sig-
nor Damiani, Benjamin Coleman,
William and Mary Howitt, Wallace,
Prof. W. R. Crooke, and many oth-
ers distinguished for liberal thought.
From London he went to Paris, from
thence to Naples. In all of these
cities he had remarkable visions and
predictions given to and through
him; he also saw wonderful manifes-
tations in the presence of Mrs. Gup-
py and others.
He announced at the close that in
his next lecture, Dec. 10th, he would
relate his experiences in Florence
and Rome. His address was fre-
quently applauded, and the phenom-
enal facts therein related were evi-
dently highly acceptable to the audi-
ence.
CHILMARK—Granite Hall.—Dr. F.
L. H. Willis concluded the story of
his Harvard experiences at this place
Sunday evening, Dec. 10th, in the
presence of a large and appreciative
audience, ending his lecture with a
fine inspirational poem of some twen-
ty minutes' duration. Miss Pittman,
a teacher at Marblehead, varied the
exercises by reading (to the evident
pleasure of all) "The Creed Bells"
and "Queen Mary." J. Frank Baxter,
of East Plymouth, and Miss Samp-
son, of Plymouth, conducted the
singing, and Mr. Baxter also gave
several recognized tests to the audi-
ence at the conclusion of the lecture.
The whole evening proved an occa-
sion of the highest interest.
"THE BIBLE OF THE AGES."—We
learn that Giles B. Stebbins, well
known as a writer and lecturer, has
in press a work, entitled "The Bible
of the Ages—with chapters there-
from." The author has been care-
fully culling the materials for some
time, and it will be a valuable stand-
ard work when published. It will
contain extracts from Vedas, Bud-
dha, Confucius, Mencius, Zoroaster,
Plato, Epicurus, Lucretius, Pythago-
ras, etc., all taken from authentic and
best translations; also from modern
Europe, England and America, to
show truth and inspiration universal
and growing with the ages; the best
thoughts of Bushnell, Beecher, Cuy-
ler, A. J. Davis, Emma Hardinge,
Whittier (in prose), Hudson Tuttle,
etc. Such a work will help put an
end to Bibliolatry, and lead to more
freedom and growth of thought and
spiritual life.
"THE EVANGEL OF SPIRITUALISM."—
Under this title we learn that a high-
ly interesting and important work,
on a new and peculiar plan, is nearly
completed and will soon be put to
press. From what we have seen of
it we are persuaded it will be a work
which every earnest Spiritualist will
desire to have in his library. It will
form an elegant dollar volume. The
following motto from Lessing will be
found on the title page: "It will as-
surably come, that time of a new,
immortal evangel." If the plan is
faithfully carried out, and we have
great confidence that it will be, the
"Evangel of Spiritualism" will be
one of the most noteworthy works in
the whole literature of religion, an-
thropology and psychology.
ORGANIZATION IN BOSTON.—A call
has been issued, signed by Dr. H.
F. Gardner, M. T. Dole, Wm. Dunk-
lee, H. S. Williams, A. E. Newton,
Mr. and Mrs. John Woods, Miss M.

A. Sanborn, Daniel N. Ford,
min R. Drew, and James F. . .
the time has come for a local or-
ganization of the Spiritualists of
Boston, and inviting all who take in-
terest in the matter to meet in
corner of Eliot and Tremont
Sunday afternoon, Dec. 17th,
past two o'clock, to consider the
proposition, and take action if ex-
pedient.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—The
Society of Progressive Spiritu-
alists meets every Sunday in the
National Hall, at eleven A. M. and
past seven P. M. Wm. A. M. is
President; C. L. Herring, Vice-
President; O. R. Whiting, Sec-
retary; Richard Roberts, Treasurer.
The city will obtain valuable
information by calling on any of
above named officers.
HUMAN TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF
COMMUNISM.
HAPPY would it be, if, whenever a
theory is presented to our thoughts,
it, because transcending our little
happens to be manifest of an order
happy would it be if we did not make
ourselves, and the neighborhood of a
world of people the door way to give
a strange account—Prof. Henry Jones.
I suppose to use any contrary words
here that the happy departed spirits
all they would want, and are directly
known. In this, Mr. Jones makes a
claim of the name which—what
correct for the four following paragraphs
left behind. I cannot but believe they
do it seems correct to believe they
in glory can turn the eye with a steady
look on any object below as a matter
through a window, and see the action
drawn in the court underneath it. If
language by which they can convey their
to each other, though sometimes at a
spirit to language, which you, by whom
converse with our spirits, and by im-
plicit mind, speak to us as easily as before
tongues? And what can interrupt either
discourse, communication, or sight of a spirit?
Though it is allowed we may have com-
municated with angels, various are the objections
to the belief of our communion with that
the heavenly family—the disembodied
just. If there is joy throughout the
joy, more joy over one sinner that repen-
over the ninety and nine which went not
how evident it is to an impartial eye that
both of the one and the other, must be
together with the progress of each indi-
Have not spirit faculties suited to spirit life,
we may suppose they can be easily dis-
we could discern their body when they
the same state as ourselves. If the material
pole spirit, and his miniature frame of
not spirit be with me in a moment, as
stroke from an electrical machine can
fire, for many miles in one moment, through
made of bodies, if properly linked together.
Mary Fuller.
That the dead are seen no more, I will
take to maintain against the common
of all ages and nations. There is no people,
unburied, among whom appearances of
are not related and believed. This opinion
prevails as far as human nature is diffused.
All nations have believed that the dead
became universal only by its truth; those
heard of one another would not have agreed
that which nothing but experience could
credible. That it is doubted by single
very little weaken the general evidence, and
who deny it with their tongues outside of
truth.—Samuel Johnson.
I WOULD need to say what Johnson said.
That, in the course of some six thousand
All nations have believed that the dead
A visitant at intervals appears.
And what is strange upon this strange tale,
is, that whatever be the reason, there
Gaiest such belief, there's something strong
In its belief, let those deny who will—
As to the power of holding intercourse with
be emancipated from our present sphere, with
reason why it should not exist, and do not
why it should rarely be developed, but not
should not sometimes. These spirits are
Here, existent somewhere; and there seems
good reason why a person in spiritual con-
them, whom such intercourse cannot appear
crossed so that cannot walk steadily in the
path, should not enjoy it while of use to him-
self.—Mary Fuller.
All those wherein men have lived and
Are haunted forever. Through the spirit
The harmless phantoms on their earthly
With that make no record upon the
Henry W. Longfellow.
Only tell me not that the fathers of the
are dead—that generous heart, that any
vulnerable heroes. They hover as a cloud
above our nation. Are they dead? Yes,
speak louder than we can speak, and are
all language? Are they dead that yet we
they dead that yet we speak of, and that
the people with nobler motives and more
patriotism.—Henry Ward Beecher.
I CANNOT get over the feeling that the
dead do somehow connect themselves with
places of their former habitation, and that
and thrill of spirit which we feel in them
owing to the overshadowing presence of the
be. St. Paul says, "We are compassed
a great cloud of witnesses," but how can
witnesses if they cannot see and be seen?
Harriet Beecher Stowe.
How pure at heart and sound in head
With what divine affection bold,
Should be the man whose thoughts were
An hour's communion with the dead!—Dr.
To deny the possibility, may, actual
of witchcraft and sorcery, is at once
tradition the revealed word of God in various
both of the Old and New Testament; and
itself is a truth to which every nation in
hath, in turn, borne testimony—either by
sincerely felt attested, or by probability
which at least supposes the possibility of
with evil spirits.—Beecher.
I THINK a person who is terrified with
the notion of ghosts and specters, much more
than one who, contrary to the religious
historians, sacred and profane, ancient and
and to the traditions of all nations, shak-
presence of spirits fabulous and grotesque,
not to give myself up to this general
naturalist, I should like to see the relations of
person who is now living, and whom I
trust to other matters of fact.—Addison.
We need not doubt the fact, that angels
live in heaven, visit our earth and
our transactions; and we have good reason
to believe, that if we obtain admission into
shall still have opportunity, not only to
earth, but to view the operations of good
spirits, and be his ministers in other worlds.
Wm. Ellery Channing.

THE PRESENT AGE.

A Weekly Journal

Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reform.

Public Literature and General Intelligence.

COL. D. M. FOX, - - EDITOR.

Associate Editors:
DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, E. S. WHEELER.

W. F. JAMIESON, Corresponding Editor.

All communications pertaining to the Editorial and Business Department, should be addressed to:

COL. D. M. FOX,
264 WATSON AVENUE, CHICAGO.

DEFINITIONS IN SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER III.

Science is a word used incessantly by some persons among Spiritualists, and often in a way which manifests their own lack of science, or even a comprehension of the term. The Latin verb *scire*, to know, is the well known root of the word, and strictly that is its significance, but it also implies classification and system. Walker, the English lexicographer, defines science as "knowledge; certainly grounded on demonstration; art attained by precepts or built on principles; any art or special knowledge." In the first place science is "knowledge;" this is the consequence and result of observation of phenomena through the senses, and of cognition and reasonable comparison by the mind. Secondly, as has been defined elsewhere, science is "positive knowledge," as Walker says, "certainly grounded on demonstration." The process of demonstration involves comparison, and comparison is based on classification, which necessitates method. Science thus becomes positive knowledge in methodical classification, but it is further "an art," an art attained by precept or built on principles." This presupposes a knowledge of law, and hence it is evident that the full development of science demands the comprehension not only of things and the nature of phenomena, but the relation of things and of the cause and method of phenomena as well.

We may understand science to be not only demonstrated knowledge classified, but demonstrated law and principle recognized. The science of Spiritualism is Spiritualism, which should be regarded as under the law of any other science or "art." The same rigid analysis and the same careful comparison, the same deliberate refutation, must evolve "certainty grounded on demonstration," and the same thorough investigation must find out causes, detect relations, and discovering law reveal principle. Philosophy is the science of principles; it involves speculation, theory and hypothesis; "Spiritual Philosophy" may signify almost anything of a speculative nature, but the philosophy of Spiritualism is something more specific. The word philosophy has been in frequent use among Spiritualists, and often "taken in vain" and worse abused than the name of science. The need of definition therefore, increases with the greater subtlety of the subject.

As science deals with facts and phenomena and is developed by observation and comparison, philosophy relates to law and principle, and depends upon reason. Science establishes its statements by affirmative and actual demonstration; addressed directly to the senses; philosophy proceeds by logic to convince the judgment of the harmony of the real, with human intuitions and scientific facts. To arrive at philosophic truth, two methods have been considered necessary. (When the idea of an infallible revelation from God is accepted, moral philosophy becomes restricted to disquisitions upon scriptural texts, and speculation beyond "what is written," is regarded as blasphemous.) The idea of reason is to some that of something in the spirit, intrinsically in relation with truth, and competent to decide upon the nature of a principle by study, by reflection, and by reference to consciousness, to judgment; or to "conscience." Deductive reasoning, in according to that understanding, is a rational consideration of the ideas of the mind, and conclusions based upon a perception of their relationship.

As to the fact, origin, and nature of spiritual ideas, there has been no certainty or harmony of opinion. Some consider them "innate," or at

least evolved by direct process from the constituents of human nature in the individual. Others regard them as the impartations or inspirations of "the holy ghost," or the product of visions of the infinite nature, seen with "the eye of faith" in seasons of spiritual exaltation by the pious elect; unless, as might be the case, Satan "transformed into an angel of light," tainted the careless mind with heresy, and "filled the unregenerate theist with damnable doubts and horrible blasphemies." Scientific persons have affirmed that ideas are evolved only in consequence of observation, being merely the result of comparison; that reasoning was only from a knowledge of one fact to a consciousness of another, not from particulars to generals, or from facts to principles. To such minds "the eye of faith" seems blind, "the vision of the spirit," an illusion of the imagination, inspiration a conceit, and the idea of intuition, a myth born of ignorance and egotism. Thus, science begins with the demonstration of a fact, while theology commences with the assumption of a God; the method of science is inductive, by inference from special facts and particulars to collect and collate a knowledge of things and causes. The method of philosophy is deductive, that is by reasoning upon and from ideas, to arrive at an understanding of law, and a perception of principles. As we define them, science is restricted to the material, philosophy to the spiritual.

Spiritualism suggests a broader and more hospitable manner to science, a more practical and definite course to philosophy. The spontaneous enlargement of science, has advanced the progress of the age; as the liberalization of philosophy has encouraged the use of reason and the unfolding of the powers of the spirit. As modern thought and research enlighten the studios and honest, the antique notion of the dualism of the universe is discarded; "matter" is longer disparaged as evil, nor is there any special divinity inherent in finite or infinite mind. Crazy asceticism toward the body and morbid fanaticism regarding "the soul" are changed for hygiene and gymnastics, for confidence and love, in the atmosphere of science under the light of intuition. So it is no longer wicked to deal with the elements of the material earth; the chemist of modern times is not considered "in league with the devil" as was his predecessor, the alchemist. There are no "black arts" now, like the witchcraft of Cincinatus; the spell of civilization is the enchantment of skill and labor. Art and enterprise are the master spirits of this cabalism, and only the white magic is used in their conjuring! Meantime religion loses much of its ferocity, as the usurping magnates of theology are compelled by the inexorable logic of facts to modify the purport of their dogmas, and forego their arrogant assumptions of authoritative sanctity. "Contact with matter" is not the cause, nor contemplation of the metaphysical the cure of evil; this much has been demonstrated.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE MEETING IN CONNECTICUT.

The woman suffrage association of Connecticut, called a convention at Willimantic, Dec. 19th. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, and Miss Olympia Brown were the speakers. Mrs. Hooker, by her logic, dignity and calm assertion of the right, carried the large assembly with her, and the Rev. Olympia Brown, by her wit, sarcasm, and sharp assault on the citadel of injustice, left no room for argument or opposition. The meeting was held in the Spiritualist Church as the denominations refused their buildings for the occasion. We are told that the leaders in this movement count more on the aid of Spiritualists than on all the others, especially in the present effort to influence Congress, as so many of the members sympathize so fully with Spiritualists in their faith. We believe that Spiritualists will soon feel their power, and that then their timidity will become courage.

Some strong resolutions offered by Mr. George Burnham were unanimously adopted, and the meeting nom-

inated officers for a branch association to organize for earnest work in the direction of equal rights. All felt that the meeting was most inspiring, and the speakers must have felt the response from many hearts to their strong words for justice to women and recognition of their power.

A GOOD SPECIMEN OF ORTHODOXY.

As we stepped into the cars a few mornings since at the depot of the N. W. Railway Company, we noticed on every seat a small sheet, printed in large type evidently intended to attract the attention of travelers. Thinking it likely to be something of interest to the public, we examined the little paper and found the following precious document which had been thus distributed by an agent of the Young Men's Christian Association. We were aware that the annual revival season had commenced, and that the ministers of all the sects were making in the churches their usual efforts to warn sinners of the "wrath to come," but to this time we were not aware that they had extended the sphere of their labors to the public conveyances. There was so much of genuine orthodox Christianity promulgated in this paper that we at once concluded to give our readers the benefit of its perusal. The italics are our own, but the capitals just as they appeared.

A COMMON MISTAKE.

"I am not come to call the RIGHTEOUS, but SINNERS to repentance." (Matt. ix. 13.)

It is a terrible thing for a man to have a good opinion of himself—to think that his conduct and character are fit for the eye of God, and deserving of His approval. For if a man think well of himself, and fancy himself a righteous person, he can lay no claim to Christ as his Saviour, for "Christ came not to call the righteous." Christ came not to call those who think well of themselves, and who trust that God will accept them for their good works; but he came to call those who are heavy-laden under the sense of their sins—who feel they cannot make themselves better—who know that their case is so bad, that no man can give them relief; and who, therefore, in the anguish of their souls, cry to the Lord to have mercy on them.

It is a right thing to pay one's debts, to be courteous to one's neighbor, and to kind to the poor—to avoid evil-speaking, and evil-doing, and to acknowledge God as the Author of all good. This is all right in its place; but many flatter themselves that by such a course they have a good chance of acceptance with God in the day of judgment. Now this notion, however popular it may be, is the great delusion of the enemy for man's eternal ruin. Those who cherish this notion are altogether deceived. A person may be blameless in his ways before men, and amiable and devout in his disposition, without having a particle of Christianity in his heart. Morality, and the performance of the outward duties of religion, give no title to heaven. There is not one in heaven who is there on the ground of his personal merits, or of his good deeds. All those who are admitted there, are there as sinners saved by the sovereign grace of God. They are those who knew their own defilement, and unfitness for God's presence, and who, therefore, "have washed their robes and made them white IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB."

If you, reader, take the place of a righteous person, what need have you of Christ? A man who is safe on dry ground does not want a lifeboat. A lifeboat is useful to those only who are drowning. If you are not drowning you do not want one. So, a SAVIOUR has to do with those only who are LOST. And if you are not lost, you do not want a Saviour to save you. If these, my dear friend, are your thoughts about yourself, you thus unfit yourself for the Saviour. You do not want Christ, and Christ is not seeking righteous persons such as you presume you are. Christ came to seek SINNERS—LOST and RUINED SINNERS. If you come to him, you must come as a sinner—not as a saint. It is a man's sin, and not his goodness and grace, that fit him for coming to Christ. If you have not sinned to be poor enough, you have nothing to do with Christ, and he has no business with you.

It is the beginning of true peace and happiness in the soul, when a man is brought by the Spirit of God to know that he is indeed a sinner—to feel the burden of his sin, and to cry for mercy; for then the tidings that there is a Saviour are indeed glad tidings to him. He learns with joy that Jesus came to seek and to save such as he is; he flies to him for relief, and by faith he lays hold of that Saviour as his own. Thus the two meet who are exactly suited to each other. The Saviour wants the sinner, and the sinner wants the Saviour. Oh! what a meeting! the Saviour rejoicing that he has found one who was lost; the sinner rejoicing that he "was lost, but is found." The Holy Spirit confirms their union, and heaven celebrates it. "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

Dear reader—Have you thus come to Christ, and laid hold of him as your Saviour? Have you really come as a sinner, and said to him in faith, "Thou camest to save sinners: I am one. Be thou my Saviour. Thou camest to seek the lost: I am lost. Take me: let me be thine, and be thou mine—and mine for ever!"

The greater the sinner the more acceptable to Christ. The moral man, one who has faithfully observed his moral obligations in every sphere of life, has nothing to recommend him to the favor of Christ. "It is a man's *sins* and not his goodness that recommend him to Christ." This does indeed verify the words of Moore:

"And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long proved perhaps)
That mad as Christians used to be
About the thirteenth century,
There's lots of Christians to be had
In this, the nineteenth, just as mad."

SPIRITUALISM AND FREE RELIGION.

It is claimed that the Free Religious movement will supplant all religions. But any religion that fails to recognize a spirit world, and the influences, through spirit communion, of that world upon this, must fail to meet the wants of humanity. (Pamphlet Age, Dec. 16th.)

Mr. Editor:—It seems to me that if the religion of humanity be not found in humanity, it cannot be found outside of it. That which is truly called religion (or man's efforts for the greatest good of himself and the race) is not a belief, respecting the condition man enters at death. Man's highest good is in the love and practice of virtue, and this is more to be desired than any thing outside of humanity. This is Free Religion, because it is the highest idea we can form of it. The highest idea of human government is in its freedom. And this religion, in so far as it is a form of faith, is faith in humanity, that there is in it, all the elementary forces essential for receiving its greatest good. And this shows the difference between "the Free Religious movement," and "Spiritualism." With the former, the idea of God and immortality, are open questions on which each one may believe what he pleases. But not so in Spiritualism; this declares man's condition after death is settled, and, as mediumism has settled it, so you must believe it, or you cannot be a Spiritualist; nay, humanity itself must remain without the true religion, until the world is converted to a belief in mediumistic revelations from another world! Mediumism has existed from preceding ages of the world, and the older the world grows, the less and less do we find mankind inclined to rely on "mediumistic revelations as a form of religion. Hence it seems to me safe to conclude that as in the past, mediumism has failed to meet the wants of humanity," so it will continue to fail more and more, in the future, until humanity shall find in the relations of life, a sufficient authority for virtue in the practice of which man's greatest good consists, and which affords the only safe ground of hope for the future.

LARRY SUTHERLAND.
QUINCY, MASS., DEC. 19, 1871.

RESPONSE.

The religion of humanity must indeed be "found in man," and this has ever been one of the distinguishing features of Spiritualism. With most of the sentiments expressed by Mr. Sutherland, we fully accord, but we must express our surprise that our esteemed correspondent, after making the statement, "with the former," (Free Religionists) "the idea of God and immortality are open questions on which each one may believe what he pleases," then asserts: "But not so in Spiritualism; this declares man's condition after death is settled, and, as mediumism has settled it, so you must believe it, or you cannot be a Spiritualist." If we do not misunderstand Mr. Sutherland, we must say nothing can be further from a correct view of the teachings of Spiritualism. It exalts the individual above all human or spiritual authority. We have for many years listened to Spiritualist lectures, normal, trance, and inspirational; have attended state and national conventions, and never have we heard an utterance in favor of "relying upon mediumistic revelations," except in so far as they conform to the revelations of reason and science. Each individual Spiritualist is left by the great body, free, in the broadest sense of that term, to form his own "idea of God and immortality." We marvel at our correspondent's erroneous views of Spiritualism as expressed in the above criticism.

We emphatically reiterate the statement made in the article from which Mr. S.'s quotation is taken: "Any religion that fails to recognize a spirit world and the influences of that world upon this, must fail to meet the wants of humanity." In saying this we are far from questioning the idea that the religion of humanity cannot be found in humanity; we would not intimate that man must look outside of himself for inspiration to a religious life, but we do say that the materialistic philosophy will never supply the higher wants of the soul. Man has aspirations for a continued and higher life; he desires evidence on this point. Christianity

and "Free Religion," fail to answer the demand.

In Spiritualism alone do we find a full and satisfactory answer to the question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" And it does seem that just at this time the very heavens were being specially opened to pour a flood of light upon the world. The earnest inquirer goes not to the churches for evidence, but to some humble medium whose clairvoyant vision will make possible a description of the forms that once stood by his side clothed in mortal flesh, or whose clairaudient power may catch the voice of the spirit and convey to the friend a message from beyond the thin veil separating the two worlds. If these tests are not satisfactory, the inquirer may seek evidence through some other of the many phases of mediumship. He may visit Dr. Henry Slade, and see the spirits of departed ones, hear their voices, and in a thousand ways through the manifestations and revelations of Modern Spiritualism, obtain an answer to the questioning of his own soul as to an immortal existence.

Never before in the history of the race has there been such earnestness and determination among the people on this subject. Henry Ward Beecher from his pulpit may well exclaim: "There is nothing we desire so much as that light should shine upon the Great Beyond." The Christian Church failed to give this light, and the world was fast sinking into the darkness and despair of materialism, when, through Modern Spiritualism, behold! light came, and a vital religion is proclaimed—the religion of humanity.

GOD IS HERE.

BY ALICE CARY.

God's yes and nay
Are not far away,
I said, I can hear them when I please;
Nor could I understand
Their doubting faith, who only touch His hand
Across the blind, bewildering centuries.
Smile, who never had
Your dead come back, but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
That these, our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies
To introvers upon eternity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The differings of opinions as to the acceptability of a paper may be illustrated by the following letters, received within the last hour.

COL. D. M. FOX—I enclose \$1.00 for what may be due me for the PRESENT AGE which I wish you to discontinue. When I subscribed for it I was under the impression that it was devoted to Spiritualism, but I find that the leading idea of it is female suffrage, which, if it were to be accomplished, would, in my opinion, be a public calamity. Fifty years since I was a freeholder of the State of New York and voted for the revised constitution of that state which admitted all the scum of Europe and America to the polls, through which they are now suffering the most stupendous frauds and corruption that were ever perpetrated by officials. If in my power to prevent their wives and daughters should not be added to this nuisance.

DANIEL LYMAN.

MENDOTA, ILL.

The only argument deducible from our friend's remarks, as presented above, is that intelligence should be made the standard of qualification. We admit there is, at first view, considerable force in this idea, but why not apply it to the men? Why debar intelligent women the use of the ballot because ignorant voters have been misled by designing men? We believe women to be more intuitive than men, hence, with the same educational advantages, less likely to be led astray. This is the first instance for some months, that our paper has been ordered stopped because of its advocacy of impartial suffrage. The same mail that brought the above, also brought to us half dozen taking exactly the opposite view. We should not cease to advocate the claim of woman to the ballot, however, if we never receive another favorable letter, for the single reason that we believe it to be right, and as our paper, like our individual opinion, is our own, we shall exercise the right of advocating or opposing any opinion, popular or unpopular, or even law, human or divine (so-called) which is not founded in the triumph of equal and exact justice to all. Our venerable brother above named has a right to

his opinions (no doubt honestly entertained) equally as we have the right to advocate them through our columns open to all, rather than to receive "stop my paper." We are glad to receive words of encouragement, but can only find room for the extracts from two letters, of many received by the same mail, brought the above:

I have so many loved ones, that I sometimes fear I shall get lost, and wish to be called to the higher yet I wish to finish the work given me. Perhaps I may stay long enough to deposit my ballot into the ballot box. Women are accomplished, other reforms will soon be accomplished, we can boast a free country. I hope to send more. My blessings are yours in your work. Yours with great respect,
MRS. E. G. GARDNER.

MONMOUTH, ILL.
We like the AGE very much. It is a most excellent motto, and applicable to all subjects. It will be remembered that we published in our columns the "Biography of Victoria C. Woodhull," written by Theodore Tilton, and that we have published at different times commendatory communications of both author and subject. In this number will be found a criticism of the work by Hudson Tuttle, who unquestionably represents a large number of Spiritualists who take the same view of the subject, and of opposition to Mrs. Woodhull in the suggestions she makes for political action. We have received several communications upon the same side of the question, but all were objectionable because of allusions to Mrs. Woodhull personally, and some instances contained charges which we know to be false. From this Mr. Tuttle has refrained. His prominent position as a Spiritualist and an eminent writer upon the Spiritualist Philosophy, entitle him to a hearing, and whatever he says to respect consideration. It is not our purpose, nor are we called upon to express our opinion pro or con, but we should be untrue to the spiritualism which we profess to conduct the AGE to refuse to any one a respectful hearing, if the communication comes within the prescribed rule as to avoidance of personalities. Mr. Tuttle makes some good points. Mr. Tilton in his style of writing has no doubt exposed himself to criticism. But we do insist that his nobleness in thus coming to the defence of a woman foremost in advocating a unpopular cause, and whom he believes to have been most unjustly slandered, and again his introducing of Mrs. W. to the Steinyard Hall meeting and presiding over it, entitle him to the highest laudation of every true reformer. Mr. Tilton and Mrs. Woodhull have warm friends among our regular contributors and no doubt our reviewer will be so viewed. To this there can be no objection, but let it be understood that in any discussion through our columns, as strict parliamentary rules as in debate must be observed.

As long ago as 1772, John Woolman, the liberal Quaker preacher, left this earthly form of life. His friend has laid upon our table an elegant little book containing a biographical sketch of this hero of conscience. Many of our readers must remember the publication of Woolman's extracts from his diary in the Atlantic last year. This pamphlet by Dora Greenwell is an English publication, and the work of one who can appreciate the spiritual development of the old time witness against slavery. John Woolman's history amplifies the great truth that the earnest simple life, in purity and love, opens the soul of those who aspire for the good and true to the control of the highest wisdom, which guides into the life whose ways are pleasantness, while all its paths are peace. As an exponent of the free and universal religion, and an example of spiritual intuition, his character has an abiding interest for Spiritualists. For sale by the importer, Alan Greenwell, 652 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Woman's Department.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE,

EDITOR.

The department of custom is on the wane, we are not content to know that things are, we seek to know why they are, or they ought to be.—*Editor Present Age.*

CLEANSING FIRES.

BY ADRIAN A. PROCTOR.

Let thy gold be cast in the furnace,
Thy red gold, precious and bright,
Do not fear the hungry fire,
With its caverns of burning light,
And thy gold shall return more precious,
Free from every spot and stain;
For gold must be tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain!

In the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail;
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
No a heart must be tried by pain!

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Best on, true heart, forever,
Shine bright, strong golden chain;
And bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain!

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT AND CHRISTIANITY.

One of the distinguishing characteristics which mark some of the prominent writers and speakers of the day, is their fear of popular opinion and anxiety to conciliate the conservative element of society. To accomplish this object they attempt to harmonize the teachings of reason and nature with illogical theories and imperfect systems. The revolutionizing spirit of the age has little respect for ecclesiastical authority, and is constantly exposing the machinations of those who would conceal its dire effects on church and state. The new wine of the present dispensation cannot be put into old theological bottles, neither can the inspirations of to-day be chained to the dead weight of decaying creeds. It is cheering to see that notwithstanding the opposition of enemies, and the timidity of many who are thronging the vestibule of the temple of reform, the angel of progress moves calmly forward, disintegrating fossilized systems and reconstructing society upon the true principles of government.

We have been led to these thoughts by the perusal of an article in the *Woman's Journal* in which the writer asserts that the "woman movement is the last and highest outgrowth of Christianity as a political revolution." It seems strange that a thoughtful, intelligent man or woman should attribute the present revolutionary movements to a system which has always taught the subjection of woman, and brought its appliances of wealth, talent, and influence to keep her in her present dependent position. Out of the injustice to woman has grown many of the social evils which are corroding the heart of society. What has Christianity done for the emancipation of woman? Has it ever established a college where young ladies could receive instruction in all the higher branches of art and science, or prepare themselves to enter upon the practice of any of the learned professions? What has it done to strike from the statute-books the unjust laws that deprive woman of the right to control her person, her property, or her children? Has it prepared her to enter the political arena, there to expose the injustice of the present system of taxation, the imperfections of the financial and commercial system? Her help is needed to destroy the monopolies that make the poor poorer and the rich richer, to prevent the fraud, selfishness, and antagonism that make a bloody revolution inevitable. Has Christianity taught woman how to bring peace to the discordant elements of social life, or made her familiar with the principles underlying a correct system of political, social, and religious government? Failing in this it cannot be truthfully said that the "woman movement is an outgrowth of Christianity." The political, social, and religious elements in society are so intimately related that a reform in one is sure to be followed by a reform in the others. The revolutionary fires will not come to burn until the present system generates, and religion is elevated above the

plane of bigotry and superstition. All attempts to bind the living spirit of the present to the dead form of old theology, or to set limitation to the work it is to accomplish, will prove abortive.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

It is well known that this association recently held a general convention in Washington, D. C. Allusion was made to it in an article by A. Cridge in our last issue. The present week Washington daily papers have been forwarded to us, containing the first full reports of the proceedings we have received. The meeting seems to have been quite well attended, but very far from what it should and would have been if all the friends of this movement were united. The two national organizations, in the spirit of opposition that has been engendered, are wasting their powers in opposing each other, to the great delight of the opponents of woman suffrage. This is to be most deeply regretted, but at present we see no way of its avoidance. There were eminent advocates of the cause in attendance at the Washington convention—such speakers as Lucy Stone, James Freeman Clarke, Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Burleigh, and Mrs. Livermore. These constitute what is known as the Boston division, who seem to consider themselves too virtuous to associate with Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Victoria C. Woodhull, Paulina W. Davis, and a host of others connected with the National Association. To such an extreme has this spirit of opposition, not to say animosity, been carried, that the Bostonians, in the spirit of "I am holier than thou," refuse to co-operate with the other party or even to recognize its individual members. We clip the following from the *Washington Daily Chronicle*, an impartial paper, so far as relates to this division among the friends of suffrage. It would seem from this account that the Boston clique have resolved to countenance no measures that do not originate in Mass. This is *Phariseism* with a vengeance:

A little scene not in the programme, and unobserved by most of those in attendance, came off at the Lincoln Hall meeting on Saturday afternoon. It is well known to many of our citizens that Mrs. Lockwood has been actually engaged in getting signatures to a petition for the passage of a bill declaring women to have the right to vote under the fourteenth and fifteenth articles of amendment to the Constitution, and she already intimated to the managers of the convention that she desired their names in support of the measure. On Saturday, while the convention was in session, Mrs. Lockwood went there, and presenting the paper to Lucy Stone, solicited her name to the petition.

Lucy Stone replied that upon reflection they had concluded not to devote themselves to measures that did not come from their own state, (Massachusetts.) Mrs. Lockwood protested that it was not a question of state or section, but one in which the women of the whole Union were interested; but she failed to obtain the signature.

She then went to Mrs. Burleigh, but that lady could not think of signing without learning Lucy Stone's views.

Mrs. L. then asked to be introduced to Mrs. Livermore, to whom she stated that the woman suffrage women here had been diligently engaged all summer in distributing documents, and asked if this association had any which they could furnish for distribution. Could they not furnish a few copies of their organ, the *Woman's Journal*?

For a reply, she was referred to Mr. Blackwell, who said they could not do much gratuitously; their association was too poor; but he would send a few copies as samples, if an attempt was made to obtain subscribers.

Finding them thus destitute of documents, Mrs. Lockwood kindly offered to give of her comparative abundance, and asked to be allowed to circulate them in the hall.

"What have you?" queried Mr. Blackwell.

Mrs. Lockwood. "We have Paulina Wright Davis' history of the woman suffrage movement, a few copies; we can't afford many, it is expensive, the regular price being fifty cents per copy."

Mr. Blackwell. "We don't want that."

Mrs. Lockwood. "Well, we have Tilton's letter to Senator Sumner."

Mr. Blackwell. "We don't want that."

Mrs. Lockwood. "We have Matilda Jocelyn Gage's history of the movement."

Mr. Blackwell. "Nor that either." Mrs. Lockwood. "Without desiring to appear egotistical, there are a number of my own speeches upon woman suffrage."

Mr. Blackwell, finding his peremptory challenge grossly exhausted, fell back upon the broad ground that they would prefer to countenance nothing that did not emanate from their own people, and Mrs. Lockwood, thoroughly disgusted, was retiring by the stairway leading from the stage when Mr. Blackwell called her back, and told her that he hoped she would not take his refusal as personal, but on Friday evening there were distributed on the benches copies of Victoria Woodhull's paper, a publication which the association did not approve.

Mrs. L. plumply told him his statement was not true. The papers had been distributed on the streets, but not in the hall. It might be that those attending the convention had carried the papers obtained on the streets into the hall, but they had not been distributed there.

Mr. Blackwell insisted that they had been distributed in the hall, when Mrs. L. appealed to Maggie Saxton, who fully confirmed her statement.

Mrs. Lockwood then proceeded to define her position. She said that the association to which she belonged—the Universal Franchise Association—was an independent organization. It neither belonged to the National, the American, the Northwestern, nor the Pacific Slope Association. They were independent and working on their own platform, working in their own way, but willing to join hands with any man or woman, or any set of men and women who were working in this movement. They did not stop to ask the religion or the politics outside of this question, or the private character of those aiding them. It was what these people said to the public that interested them.

Presenting her petition to Mr. Blackwell, she said: "It is a very little thing of you to give the poor pittance of your name to this petition to further the object; won't you give it?"

Mr. B. was again compelled to draw himself, snail-like, into his shell, and decline, on the ground that it did not emanate from "our" association, to which Mrs. Lockwood retorted the query, whether, when the bill passed, the women which they represented would not be the first to take advantage of the benefits conferred by it?

This was a poser for the gentleman, who suddenly discovered that Mrs. Lockwood was talking loud, and likely to disturb the convention.

With an apology for having allowed her voice to indicate her earnestness in the cause, the lady then withdrew and adopted the plan of handing her documents on the street to persons who were going to the meeting in the hall.

Mrs. Woodhull was present at all the meetings in Lincoln Hall on Saturday, but she was not noticed by the Plymouth Rock crowd. She had the satisfaction, however, of holding quite a levee in one corner of the hall while the convention was in session. If the opportunity had been presented, Mrs. W., who has more vim, energy, and brains than the whole Boston crowd put together, would have replied to some of the arguments. The Stowe-Howe party raise their hands in holy horror at the alleged free-love doctrines of Mrs. Woodhull, and yet that very party has given to the world (Mrs. Burleigh being the author of it) the following sentiment:

"The love that I cannot command is not mine; let me not disturb myself about it, nor attempt to fish it from its rightful owner. A heart that I supposed mine is drifted and gone. Shall I go in pursuit? Shall I forcibly capture the truant, and transfix it with the barb of my selfish affections—pin it to the wall of my chamber? God forbid! Better let it leave its doors and windows open to the air of heaven, nobly that the best cannot fail to be drawn to me by an irresistible attraction."

Mrs. Woodhull endorses this sentiment, and insists that she never uttered anything stronger. Mrs. W. and her friends hold their convention shortly, and then let the Boston party look out for squalls.

These immaculate women of the Boston wing are afraid of being contaminated by any association with Woodhull, they would sacrifice the object so dear to them rather than get it through her method, and a good point Mrs. Lockwood made on Mr. B. was in asking if "his crowd would consent to vote under the declaratory act if it was passed." We shall get it, she said, if you do refuse us the poor pittance of your name. Well, in spite of the virtue of these people, it is a fact they have practised the principles Mrs. W. preaches, for fifteen years, but unlike her have not professed to believe it right. Mrs. Celia Burleigh was once practically and theoretically a free-lover. She has been divorced from two husbands,

and was not married to a third, yet she gathers up her garments when Mrs. Woodhull passes, and refuses to sign a petition to have suffrage granted under an act which she has framed. They snubbed Mrs. Lockwood because she is queer, not recognized in conventional circles, etc., and "reflects an credit upon the movement." The scene between Blackwell and Mrs. Lockwood was very funny; the poor old man did not know what to do or say, and was evidently greatly relieved when she left. They were very much disgusted with Woodhull's being there; but did not dare to say a word for fear she would appear in some form.

From Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.

HOUSEWIFE AND SERVANT—A WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

There are many American women who would gladly do the work, take the pay, and enjoy the robust health of the impudent Bridget who are vexing the righteous souls of the matrons of this generation. That "well-aired room," "well-filled table," and "cheerful, convenient kitchen," mentioned in your paper of November 10, is enough to make the "months water" of the toil-worn American women stitching their lives away in close crowded city rooms.

But the fault consists not entirely in their unwillingness to perform menial labor. Our republican institutions have taught us to love and expect equality.—This often makes it worse than death for the American "old maid" or "widow" to endure the snobbish, unnecessarily overbearing ways which many house-keepers assume toward those who do their house-work.

The farmer treats his "hired man" with respect. The "harvest hands" are served with the best the larder affords.—The mechanic does not make the men who work for him feel degraded. Men work for each other, in all departments of labor, without losing their manly self respect.

Let the daughters of these men attempt to do the housework for the wives of their husbands' employers—how great the contrast! They are soon made to feel that they are menials, and belong to a lower class of society; that the fact of their doing the work unites them to associate with the sons and daughters of the family. No wonder that they turn milliners and dress-makers, that they may be "as good as anybody." We are all trying to rise in the world. "Bread alone" is not enough to support existence. We all want to be loved and respected, and have a right to "speak our minds." Especially is the American citizen taught from childhood to enjoy this privilege. If the matrons who would like tidy, intelligent, honest American "widows" or "old maids" in their kitchen would make up their minds to give them kind, considerate, respectful treatment, and teach their children to do the same, one half of the evil would be remedied.

The sensible course pursued by men in this respect puts us, who profess to be the "gentler sex" to blush. The Christian woman, especially, should ask herself, am I not to blame in this matter? Have I treated the young American girl who left the shop and tried to be nurse and seamstress, "for the sake of a good home," as I would like my child treated were our circumstances reversed? Or, did our iron bar enter her soul, as my cold, inconsiderate conduct drove her back to the shop, where, to use her own words, she could be "thought something of."

Fifty years ago a farmer's daughter lost none of her respectability by assisting her mother's friends and neighbors in their house-work, and sometimes in the hay field, and was often gladly received, after a few days of service as the wife of the son and heir. There are two sides to every story. Let us look at both sides and see whether our American girls are not driven from domestic service by an evil which the patient Christian patron should remedy. M. E. W.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN WYOMING.

Some of the politicians of the falsely so-called conservative class, in Wyoming, don't relish the idea that a woman may have a voice in the selection of those who shall make, interpret and execute the laws, and one of the members, at least, of the present Legislature, is disposed to put an end to that sort of nonsense. Accordingly, says the *Laramie Daily Sentinel*, a Bill has been introduced into the House for the repeal of the Woman Suffrage Act in our Territory. We have no fear at all of the success of the move. Even if a majority could be found in the Legislature to pass the Bill, and if Gov. Campbell approve it, or if it could be passed over his veto, the fact that the organic Act forbids the legislature from "abridging the right of suffrage," and every court in the United States would hold that the right, once acquired and exercised, could no more be taken away than the Legislature of South Carolina can pass a law to re-enslave the blacks of that State.

Gov. Campbell stated in his message (what every one admits) that the

women of our Territory had exercised their political privileges with as much judgment and discretion as the men, and that none but good results had grown out of the experiment.

Unless those who are endeavoring to effect its repeal can give some good, sound reason for their course, can mention as much as one evil which has grown out of it, they will certainly place themselves in an awkward position before their constituents, the more so as their effort is positively sure to be a failure—if not by a vote of the Legislature, then by the veto of the Governor, or if not defeated by the Governor, then certainly reversed by the courts.

We should shrink from the responsibility of being either the originators or supporters of a movement to disfranchise half the voters of the Territory, when it is known and admitted on all hands that they have conscientiously used their political franchise to promote the social, moral and political prosperity of the Territory, and that none but good results have been accomplished through their agency.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE ON WOMEN'S EDUCATION.

At a meeting held in a private house in Boston a few days ago, Harriet Beecher Stowe was one of the speakers upon the subject of women's distinctive duties. She said it was with women just as it was with farms. It used to be said that books were useless. After a while it began to be found out that the men who studied about soils and their ingredients could do things that those who did not study the books could not do. It was said that woman's common sense was enough. "O, you just marry her and give her a family and she will find a way to do things," and she is married and put into a house full of water pipes making horrible noises that scare her and spring leak, and an uncontrollable furnace that roars and scares her again, and sends its fumes through the house. Her husband is away at his office and she is left in a maze. Mrs. Stowe said it was like being in an enchanted castle—when you didn't know what would go off next. She had a house with so many conveniences in it that they couldn't sleep in their beds. Some of them were springing leaks. They sent for a plumber, and he came and spent two or three hours flirting with the girls. She said if she were to go to house-keeping again she would certainly buy books and study plumbing, and get at the bottom of these things. She gave an account of her experiences with ranges, which had to be supplied with new boilers and furnaces, with which they were obliged to set up nights. She learned a good many things when she went to school, and, among other things, how to make hydrogen gas and fluorine acid, but she did not find out anything about making bread, which was also a chemical process.

A GERMAN CONFIDENCE WOMAN.

There is a lady of unusually adventurous spirit providing amusement for the public in Germany. She has gone through a variety of characters in male costume with eminent success, acting successively as groom, coachman, valet, &c., to various employers, giving perfect satisfaction and obtaining excellent characters, her masters never suspecting her sex. The late war roused nobler ambitions within her. Preferring the title "von" to her name, and donning the blue coat with an iron cross upon it, Miss Bertha Weiss made her debut as a wounded Prussian officer. Passing through various towns, she enlisted everywhere the sympathy of the inhabitants, who received her as an honored guest, and is said even to have made some havoc among young ladies' hearts.

Unfortunately, she was found out just as her success was at its highest, and, placed before a tribunal, she was sentenced to several months' imprisonment as a punishment for her masculine aspirations. So perfectly had she acted her role, however, that up to the moment when the verdict was pronounced she found advocates in the press to defend her manhood. The imprisonment has not moderated the lady's ambition, for, though only shortly released, she has turned up once more in manly guise in the very last place where a female would be looked for, viz: in a monastery near Breslau. The prior declares that she came to him with so truly penitential an air, disguising her sex so admirably, that he could not find it in his heart to refuse her. She has lived among the monks undiscovered, her novice being a severe one; yet she underwent all the rules of the order with the fortitude of an ascetic up to the last moment. Tired however, at last, of the monotony of conventual life, she gave the monks the slip after a four months visit, disclosing her sex only after her departure.

ANNA DICKINSON'S lecturing receipts for the last two years alone have amounted to nearly forty thousand dollars.

WOMAN'S MEMORANDUM.

One hundred and fifty-eight women voted at the late election in Vineland, N. J. Their ballots were deposited in a box especially appropriated to them.

Still they come. Miss Mary H. Graves was ordained as minister of the Unitarian Church in Mansfield, Mass., last Thursday. She is the first woman settled over a Unitarian Church in Massachusetts; but more are coming, and those nice young men at Cambridge will not be able to take their pick of the parishes, and have things all their own way.

Very intellectual women are seldom beautiful. The formation of their features, is more or less masculine. Miss London was rather pretty and feminine in the face, but Miss Sedgwick, Miss Pardee, Miss Leslie and the celebrated Anna Maria and Jane Porter, the contrary. One of the Mass. Porters had a forehead as high as that of an intellectual man.

Miss Lydia S. Hall, who is acting United States Treasurer in the absence of the male chief, was once a Lowell factory girl, and was a contributor to the famous Lowell Offering over the non de plume of "Adelphi." The Lowell Courier says: "Miss Hall has been a missionary to the Choc-taws, and in border ruffian days lived in Kansas, where she was a considerable owner of real estate. Married with some misfortune in regard to titles of property, she went to Washington, and has held a clerkship in the Treasury Department since, being also engaged in studying law in order to enable her to secure the right to her property in Kansas, which she will no doubt do, and return to that State, unless she gets into the Cabinet. She is a lady of great versatility of talent, and would fill one higher position than the one she now occupies with credit."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN WYOMING. Governor Campbell, of Wyoming, in his message to the Territorial Legislature, vetoing the bill repealing woman suffrage, recounts some of the practical results of the experiment there, as follows:

In this Territory women have manifested for its highest interests devotion strong, ardent, and intelligent. They have brought to public affairs a clearness of understanding, and a soundness of judgment which considering their exclusion hitherto from practical participation in political agitation and movements, is worthy of the greatest admiration and above all praise. The conscience of women in all things is more discriminating and sensitive than that of men; their sense of justice is purer and exacting; their love of order not spasmodic or sentimental merely, but springing from the heart. All these better consciences, this exalted sense of justice, and this abiding love of order have been but by the enfranchisement of women contribute to the good government and well-being of our Territory. I the plain teachings of these years I cannot close my eyes.

The message closes with the constitutional objection that the Roper act exceeds the limits of legislative power, a Legislature having no power to disfranchise its own constituents. The effort to pass the bill into the veto failed in one branch of the Legislature.

HIGH-HEELED BOOTS.—American ladies submit to any torture at the demand of fashion. High-heeled boots are not so bad as tight waists, but the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* says some hard things about them:

High heels to shoes, crippling the feet, and distorting the limbs, are an outrage on grace, on anatomy, on humanity, entitling the author could they be detected, to criminal responsibility. A convention of doctors, in the interest of their trade, could not devise a better scheme of good times. Women whose poles are solidified may escape with ease of which we hope and pray they may have a full and tender crop. But that a whole generation of little girls should have the toes jammed into points of their boots, to do the work of heels, and their legs should be thrown out of the natural ballast, as the plant bones bend into semi-circles, is a sacrifice to fashion which would disgrace a nation of Hottentots.

Should the wicked custom hold a few years, there will not be a dead foot, or an aesthetic leg in our female population, except among washed women, and the like. And all this is a trifle compared with the mischief done to the pelvis, spine, and chest, by the constrained attitude which the abnormal elevation of the heel must of necessity induce. Fashion is at best a cruel tyrant; but the whole history of her capricious rule does not exhibit a grosser violation of natural laws, and a more pardonable assault on the beauty and health of woman, than the invention of high-heeled boots.

The Home Circle.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE,

EDITOR.

MY BOY.

BY LAURA P. NICHOLS

Waking up early,
All vigor and glee,
Nodding and whispering
Till he had waked me;
Taking his big mouthfuls,
And spilling his milk,
Dulling my scissors,
And snarling my silk;
Slew at his alphabet,
Quick in all play,
Devising new mischief
Each hour in the day;
Whistling and whistling,
And beating his drum;
Losing his handkerchiefs,
Cutting his thumb;
Breaking the windows
With ball, stone or bat;
Making the dog bark,
And teasing the cat;
Losing his mittens,
And spoiling his hat;
Scaring his sister,
And tearing his clothes;
Fighting his mates
Till he bleeds at his nose;
Muddying the carpet,
Enraging the cook;
Softening my heart
With his sweet "sorry" look;
Source of anxiety,
Pride, pain and joy—
My brave blue-eyed darling,
My five-year-old boy.

—Merry's Museum.

CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A fine new school house is being built, and will be finished in a few weeks, but in the summer school was kept in a sort of shanty for a few months. To this school Charley and his sister May went every morning with their lunch can in their hands, and they really enjoyed school though the hours were so long. Every night they came home to their mother with wonderful accounts of all that had occurred during the day. Mr. Ernest was resolved to go to school too; it hurt his pride terribly that May could read and that he could not. So go to school he must that he might be her equal. Proudly, very proudly he kissed his mother good bye, and his aunt too, then with a slate under one arm and his book under the other he marched off shaking his head at May and saying: "Now, Miss May, I will read, too, far better than you can."

For three days Ernest kept up his courage, for three days he went to school proud as a peacock, for three days he was May's equal, yes, and Charley's too. How proudly he ate his dinner every day when he returned from school, and talked about "our teacher, our lessons and our class." His aunt and his mother were astonished, for they had thought that one day of silence and sitting still would be enough for him. On the evening of the third day when they had all gathered round the dining-table and Ernest was in his high chair opposite his aunt, he suddenly exclaimed:

"I shan't go to that school again till I get a horse."

How the laugh went round! Three days had cured Ernest of the desire to go to school. That night he dreamed that he went to school in a carriage and that his "very own horse" drew the carriage. Ernest was going to school in style, you see. However, his mother, as I have before told you, moved to the next valley, four miles away, and Ernest could not have gone to school if he had desired. But he was such a little fellow he was too young to attend any school.

As Ernest and his mother and blue-eyed Aftena had kept house for a while she was away, of course they remained a few days after their return. One morning just after breakfast, the good old doctor I spoke of when this story was commenced, came with a large carriage and took them all to the river where they had a fine time among a few large trees that grew on the bottom land. A spring of mineral water was near. Of this they drank, and declared it delicious, except Ernest, who said he did believe some boy had put "very bad eggs in the water." But I was going to tell you of an adoby house that they visited. Several Indians were at work making the adoby and the children looked on with astonishment.

"Making bricks out of dirt!" said Ernest.

"They put water on the dirt and then mix it up with their hands," said May.

"Yes," said Charley, "then shape it into large bricks and lay them in the sun to dry."

"But they put bits of straw in the adoby," said Ernest, who stood and looked on, his hands behind his back, like an old gentleman.

"Now I know something," said Charley. "You know that in the Bible it says that the Egyptians wanted the children of Israel to make bricks without straw. Oh! oh! now you see they made adoby just as those Indians are doing to-day. I don't believe they knew enough to make bricks out of clay and then bake them in a kiln. God did not teach his beloved people much philosophy. They did not, I believe, know any more than these poor Indians that are making adoby to-day."

"Perhaps so, my boy; people are growing wiser every day; new discoveries and new inventions are being made constantly. But in Bible days it is very probable that they knew some things we do not know. The Chinese and Japanese have been familiar with many useful things for hundreds of years that we are only beginning just now to appreciate, but that does not prove that they are superior to us. I see, however, my boy, how you look at the matter. You think if the Jews were God's chosen people that they ought to have been wiser than any body else."

"Yes, that is just what I think, mother. You know the Bible says God came down from heaven and told them how to build a temple, how to make candlesticks, and other little simple things. Now I don't believe it, for a God who knew everything would have taught them science. He would have told them about steam, telegraphs and all the machinery that is used for everything."

"You reason pretty well," said his mother, laughing. "But here we are in the adoby house. See how thick the walls are; nearly two feet thick."

"The rain will wash it away," said the wise old gentleman Ernest.

"Oh no," said his aunt, "when it is finished it will be covered with a sort of cement."

"How cold it is in here!" said Ernest. "What makes it so cold?"

"Adoby houses," said his aunt, "are cool in summer and warm in winter, for the thick walls keep out heat and cold."

"I want to live in an adoby house then," said Ernest.

"So do I," said May; "I will build an adoby house when I am a farmer lady."

"They are very suitable," said Mrs. Strawbridge, "for this climate. Some adoby houses are well built and well finished and make quite handsome dwellings; and yet they are made out of the common dirt, like that of this valley, dried hard in the sun."

"You may take your dirt houses for me," said the mother of Ernest, "I would rather have a good brick house or a frame house. I don't like the feeling of an adoby house—mud! mud! It is too much like scratching a hole in the side of a hill and living there. I would like a quartz house or a marble house; something pure, not dirt for me."

"All right," said Mrs. Strawbridge. "The children and I will build adoby houses. You can build quartz or marble mansions."

"We," said Charley, "will be glad of an adoby house now, but when we have plenty of money we will build a quartz or marble house."

"Just so," said the doctor, "adoby houses do not cost much. These Indians are glad to get their twenty-five cents per day for making adoby, and this house with these fine thick walls will not cost as much as a frame house."

BIG VINES AT THE SOUTH. The "Walter Raleigh vine," on Roanoke Island, nearly three hundred years old, covers one acre of ground; the wine from this vine last year sold for \$3,000; another vine in Tyrrel County, S. C., in 1869, produced 2,530 gallons of wine; several other large vines in the South produce each from 1,000 to 2,000 gallons of wine per annum.

LAUGHING.

Laugh! boys, a hearty, joyous, ringing laugh, that sends the blood gaily coursing along the veins and arteries, giving life and vigor to every nook and corner of the system. "Laugh and grow fat," and plump, like the gay lambs that frisk and gambol on the hillside in the joyous spring, or like the rollicking kittens as they roll and tumble on the mat, as if to show their proud mother, sitting near and watching their movements, how easily and naturally they learn their first lessons in cat gymnastics. Laugh; but you need never indulge in a coarse "horse-laugh," a simple roar, reminding one of the braying of a donkey, or a steam whistle! Laugh like a boy, a wide-awake, stirring boy, one ready for business, labor, errands; ready to bring a pail of water for mother, gather flowers for sister, or any honest and useful labor, physical or mental. Laugh, but not simply to make a noise, or because it is expected that you will, but because you are overflowing with good nature, with not a cubic inch more of room to contain your joyous feelings, almost ready to burst; filled with kindly feelings towards brothers and sisters, parents and friends, school-mates and playmates, all with whom you come in daily contact.

Yes, and let the girls laugh and expand the chest, inflate the lungs, rouse the energies, enkindle kindly emotions, encircle the whole countenance with an ampler wreath of smiles. Give me the boy or girl that smiles as soon as the first rays of the joyous morning sun glance in through the windows, gay, happy, and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least when contrasted with a sullen, morose, "crabbed" fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like an untamable hyena, from the moment he opens his red and angry eyes till he is "comforted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favorable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame and harmonize a rude brother, making him more gentle, affectionate and lovable. It is a feast to look at such a joy-inspiring girl, such a woman, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from her parted lips, displaying a set of clean, well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing, and as merry as the birds, the wide-awake birds, that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the glorious sun was approaching and about to pour a whole flood of joy-inspiring light and warmth upon the earth. Such a girl is like a gentle shower to the parched earth, bestowing kind words, sweet smiles and acts of mercy all around her—the joy and light of the household.

It has been well said that "there are two muscles to raise the upper lip, as in laughter, and only one to draw it down; therefore we should laugh twice to crying once." There may be a time for weeping and even for mourning and melancholy; yet cheerfulness good nature and joy are far more favorable to the health of the body and mind. Excessive grief often arrests the action of the stomach and produces disease. The cheerful and hopeful are far more healthy than the morose, the sour, the fretful and the scolding mortals, who never see the sunlight of cheerfulness or sociability, but who scowl and frown, "look daggers," and feel two-edged swords towards all who dare to come within reach of them.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

THE BOY AND THE BRICKS.—A boy hearing his father say, "Twas a poor rule that would not work both ways," said: "If father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play." So, setting up a row of bricks three or four inches apart, he tips over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overthrown the fourth, and so on through the whole course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbor which stood next to him; I only tipped one. Now, I will raise one, and see if he will raise his neighbor. I will see if raising one will raise all the rest."

He looked in vain to see them rise. "Here, father," said the boy, "is a poor rule; 'twill not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son," said the father, "bricks and men, I am sorry to say, are alike active to knock each other down, but are not inclined to help each other up."

Rather a bad thing to say about men, and yet we fear it is too often true; but not always, for sometimes they do try to help each other. The great fire at Chicago, showed this. Help was sent to the sufferers from every part of the country, and even from Europe. The world never saw greater examples of liberality.

CARE to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt, and every grin, so merry, draws one out.

TRUTH.

Boy, at all times tell the truth;
Let no lie defile thy youth.
If thou art wrong, be thine the shame;
Speak the truth, and bear the blame.

Truth is honest, truth is sure;
Truth is strong and must endure;
Falseness lasts a single day,
Then it vanishes away.

Boy, at all times tell the truth;
Let no lie defile thy youth.
Truth is steadfast, sure, and fast,
Certain to prevail at last.

—The Nursery.

A KIND-HEARTED CHIL.—There is near our house an old pump—a kind of town pump—which every one may use, and whose wet and bespattered base speaks plainer than signboards could do, of water for man and horse; and a very excellent pump it is, too—never out of order, easily worked, and furnishing some of the purest, clearest, coolest water in the world.

Many a thirsty schoolboy and omnibus-driver has refreshed himself at that pump. The hackmen and draymen stop there; and the old iron ladle that hangs by its side has been pressed by many a rosy lip.

It is no unusual thing, just after school hours, to see some little fellow, with his satchel over his shoulder, working away at the handle for ten minutes at a time, till all who have gathered round it have had a drink. But yesterday the old pump was honored as though an angel had blessed it. A rosy-checked girl, half hid in a flood of golden curls, came bounding by, driving her hoop, just as the old, decrepit apple-woman at the corner, whom everybody knows, was trying to get a drink. She had set down her basket, but bent nearly double by the weight of her years and troubles, she was compelled to lean upon her staff. The little girl saw the difficulty, and was in an instant at the handle. Holding the ladle until it was filled, she raised it steadily to the lips of the old woman, whose warm, grateful thanks called the crimson to the child's cheeks, which, as she hurried away, was deepened by finding that her kind deed had been observed.

We shall long remember that little girl, and the pleasant way in which she did a good and kind action to the aged, and doubtless she had her reward. It brought to our mind that verse of Scripture, which says, "Whosoever shall give a cup of water in the name of Christ shall not lose his reward."—*People's Journal.*

CHILDREN attending school should have at least eight hours' sleep in every twenty-four, and frequently take nine or even ten hours. Good ventilation assists in rest and recuperation. Seven hours' sleep in good air is better than nine in a foul apartment. We do not call an apartment well ventilated when there is merely an opening where bad air could get out if it was endowed with volition, and was anxious to escape, but the ventilators must be so arranged that the air will be continually changing. Open a window to the windward side of your room, and provide for the air a place of egress on the other side. If the wind blows very strong, you may break its force with closed venetian blinds, but the breath of heaven will not hurt you.

You are afraid of the night air? Nonsense! In the night you cannot breathe anything but night air, and it is never in better condition for breathing than as it comes, fresh and cool, from the ocean, the mountains, or the groves.

"But it chills me!"
So a current of air chills a furnace filled with burning coals, yet this current is necessary to supply the oxygen which keeps up its heat, and so pure air in necessary to keep up the respiratory combustion which gives animal warmth.

We have frequently slept comfortably in the open air, when the thermometer was considerably below zero, but if at such temperature we had breathed only impure air, we should have perished. Good air is Nature's physician; do not fear it.—*Pacific Coast Journal.*

In relation to House Plants the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says:

House plants ought to be stimulated gently once or twice a week. Rain water, so refreshing to summer flowers, always contains ammonia, which also abounds in all liquid manures. If you take an ounce of pulverized carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in a gallon of water, it will make spring water even more stimulating to your plants than rain water. If you water your plants once in two weeks with guano water (one tablespoonful to a pail of water) they will grow more thrifty. Pulverized dove or hen manure will answer a good purpose. Always keep the soil loose in your flower pots.

The great value of rain water to plants is not the ammonia that it contains, for this is usually almost inappreciable, but in its solvent powers by which it takes up plant food; therefore the advice is good, because it not only furnishes ammonia to the plant, but also enables the water to solve and carry to the plant other food.

PLEASANTRIES.

SCHOOL. MA'AM:—"Johnny, I'm ashamed of you; when I was of your age I could read as well as I do now." Johnny—"Ah! but you'd a different teacher to wot we've got."

A story is told of a person asking another whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend money. "What, lend him money! You might give him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it."

On Sunday recently a Methodist preacher in Iowa advised the sisters to mortify Satan by giving their jewelry to the church on the next Sabbath evening. The result was a galvanized watch and three brass finger rings. "They are a mean set of sinners," said the parson.

An amusing anecdote is related of a man in the south of France, who received a letter from his son, in the army, begging him to send him some shoes and some money. The old man, willing to comply with the request, but having no ready means of forwarding the articles than the telegraph, procured the shoes and hung them on the wire. A laborer, returning home from work, saw the shoes and cut them down, leaving his old ones instead, the old man went next day to see how the wires had performed, was delighted, and exclaimed: "My poor boy has not only received the shoes, but has sent back his old ones!"

Whether day at the North street mission school in Boston, a sharp looking little fellow said to his teacher, very abruptly:

"Not coming to school any more."

"Why, what's the matter; don't you like my teacher?"

"O, jimin! don't I! you bet! But I'm going back to the theatre."

"Back to the theatre?"

"Why, yes; I act, I does."

"You act! Where?"

"Yes, I've been on the stage lots. I'm an old hand at it. I was an angel up to the 'Black Crook,' and a bullfrog at the 'White Pawn,' and I tell you what it is, teacher, I'd a heap rather be a bullfrog than an angel any day."

"Barnum," said a lady in the city of Gotham, one morning as she was reconnoitering in the kitchen, "what a quantity of soap-grease you have got here—we can get soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, mum," said Bridget.

All the morning Bridget, between each whisk of her dish-cloth, kept a bright lookout of the kitchen-window and no moving being escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed about to be rewarded, for down the street came a large portly gentleman, flourishing a cane, and looking in a very good humor. Sure and there's the fat man now, thought Bridget; and when he was in front of the house, out she flew, and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him.

"Speak to me, my good girl?" replied the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, she wants to speak to you; and says would you be good enough to walk in, sir."

This request, so direct, was not to be refused; so in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up stairs went Bridget, and knocking at the door of her mistress put her head in, and exclaimed, "Fat gentleman in the parlor, mum."

So saying, she instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

"In the parlor!" thought the lady, "what can it mean? Bridget must have blundered." But down to the parlor she went, and up rose her fat friend with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me, madam, that you wished to speak to me,—at your service, madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, a smile wreathed itself about her lips, in spite of herself, as she said:

"Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap-grease, when she saw him, and she has made a mistake, as you now see."

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair and laughed such a hearty ha! ha! as never came from one of your lean gentry. "It is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha! ha! ha! So she took me for the soap grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for a month. Such a joke!"

And all up the street, and around the corner, was heard the merry "ha! ha!" of the old gentleman, as he brought down his cane every now and then, and exclaimed, "Such a joke!"

TEMPERANCE.

"OLD EYE MAKES A SPEECH."

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

I was made to be eaten
And not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing,
When put through the mill;
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed;
But, if into a drink,
I will starve them instead.

In bread, I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink, I am master,
The drinker, a fool.

Then remember the warning:
My strength I'll employ,
If eaten, to strengthen,
If drank, to destroy.

WHAT PROHIBITIONISTS ARE DOING.—CALL FOR A NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The friends of the national prohibition party are hereby requested to assemble in national convention, at Columbus, O., on the 22d day of February, 1872, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of putting in nomination candidates for the offices of president and vice president of the United States, to be supported at the next national election; and of transacting such other business as the convention, when assembled, shall deem advisable.

In view of the yet imperfectly organized condition of the party, it is thought better that the meeting should take the form of a mass convention rather than a delegated one. It is earnestly desired that each and every state and territory in the union may be represented, as largely as possible in the convention. The complete formation of this party is expected to constitute an important era in the history of American morals and politics, and all good citizens may well feel ambitious to participate in so worthy an enterprise.

The allowed public traffic in intoxicating drinks is, unquestionably, the chief abettor of ignorance, poverty, irreligion, immorality, and crime in our country; and tends more directly than any other cause to diminish productive industry, corrupt the elective franchise, and to endanger the security of the government. But, unfortunately, while many confess the truth of the general charge, they profess to differ widely regarding the proper method of treating the evil. And without enumerating theories, it is sufficient here to briefly state our own, viz.: That it is the duty of the government, functionally, both by municipal and general legislation, to effectively prohibit the manufacture, importation and sale of all intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage. This theory is so sharply in conflict with all others that it forms a clearly defined political issue, and one which from the nature of the case, will be hotly contested by the friends of the liquor traffic. Prompt and efficient organization on the part of all prohibitionists is therefore necessary. Moreover, prohibition of the liquor traffic is strictly a legal and political question, completely revolutionary of a long established custom, and all experience proves that such measures can succeed only through the triumph of political organizations which espouse them.

Believing, therefore, that the issues which have given significance to party politics in our country for the past few years are now so far disposed of as to justify new political combinations for worthy purposes, we cordially invite all our fellow-citizens, who agree with us in our views, to meet us in national convention, at the time and place above mentioned.

JOHN RUSSELL, Chairman.

GILSON T. STEWART, Sec'y.

A SAD STORY.—In this county resides a man who, fifteen years ago, was as promising as almost any young man in his native place—a village in Maine. He contracted the habit of drinking. He married a fine young woman, came West, and settled in one of the towns in this county. He kept on drinking, and soon became a confirmed drunkard. Now comes the saddest story of all. Their child is cross-eyed, tongue-tied and half-witted, and in walking staggers from side to side, just as a drunken man does. Can you picture anything more painful?—*Fond du Lac Courier.*

MR. GRADSTONE stated the other day that £100,000,000 was annually expended in the United Kingdom on strong drink.

The churches of Chester county, Pa., are organizing temperance societies.

STARTLING STATISTICS.—\$6,699,500 spent for beer annually in Cincinnati.

Beer fills many a bottle, and the bottle many a liver.

